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THE

# SOREHEAD WAR:

## A CAMPAIGN SATIRE

## FOR 1872:

AS SUITABLE FOR PERUSAL AFTER, AS BEFORE,

THE ELECTION.

DEDICATED TO THE UNION,

BY THE AUTHOR,

Who never held office under the Government.

**PRICE, 25 CENTS.**

New York:

THE REPUBLIC PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

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*FOR 1872.*

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in your ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with harsh-favored rage!
Now lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portals of the head
Like the brass cannon! Let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth the galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean!
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide!
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!"—*Shakespeare.*

Though wit and worth in polish'd prose may shine,
And Wisdom's jewels grace th' unmeasur'd line;
Though Genius, Learning, and the works of Art
May rise and flourish, from the Muse apart;
Though Trade and Commerce, and the Money King
May ask no tribute of the tribe that sing;
Though Indian spices and Peruvian gold
Be wafted whence no poet's numbers roll'd;
Though conquest spreads, the world's scarred face around,
Where Poesy hath ne'er a welcome found;
Though hearts may glow with patriotic fire
In those unused to strike the sounding lyre;
Though demagogues persistent work their wiles,
Regardless if the bard or frowns or smiles,—
Though small the space mankind will yet afford
To verse, and "versemen" mainly are ignored,—
Yet, 'mid the noisy strife for pelf and power,
Sore tempted by th' occasion and the hour,

And by the tide resistless borne away,
With satire arm'd we mingle in the fray.

When Treason, late subdued, hath nurs'd the sore,
And raised the battle-ax of Hate, once more;
When on its brazen front it tries to wear
The look of innocence, and speaks us fair;
With lying tongue its grievances proclaims,
And, black with gall, our honored Chief defames!
Shall it be counted folly or a crime
In truth's defence to build the lowly rhyme?

When the "oppression" Southerners endure
Is of the kind a Radical may cure—
(Should he the priz'd official dose command,
And deal his potions with a *Liberal* hand);
When Northern "outs," in beggarly array,
Their wretchedness, for sympathy, display,—
As, mournful, mutt'ring, slighted, seedy, sore,
They talk imaginary miseries o'er,—
And only see salvation from their ills
In Grant o'erthrown, and Greeley sugar-pills;
When, under the Administrative "heel,"
They pangs of want and cruel envy feel!
If yet another remedy they need,
Though 'twere to probe, to blister, or to bleed,
O may our skill chirurgical prevail,
Against this chronic, deep, malignant ail!—
Give us this dire contagion to expel
From those once conquered, but who re-rebel.

First, then, as Horace (not the modern) sings,
"To go directly in the midst of things,"
We lift the veil from mischief's dark recess:
Whence spring these woes of traitors in distress?—
Whence comes this fearful deluge of abuse,
With all the venal elements let loose;
Till no high station, no good name's exempt
From the low slanderer's villainous attempt?

Ah he, whose worst "ambition" seem'd to be
To save the land from cursèd Anarchy,
Is set upon by each base wretch who fails
Of the "corruption" he so much assails;—
And this same "power," these "offices," and "Spoils,"
From which the blatant hypocrite recoils,
Could he attain, he would extol and bless,
And pray to Heaven his share might ne'er be less!

Had but the renegades that raised this dust
Been barely civil, though nor fair nor just,
We might have passed them, silent, pitying, by,—
For a brief time their little game to try;
But when these mountebanks—our country's curse,—
Who love the public for the public purse,—
These Judases, that only serve for pay,
Quick to embrace,—as ready to betray;
Who, boasting of their pure ennobling wishes,
Will only follow for the loaves and fishes—
When these vile Mohawks, treacherous and fell,
'Gainst honor, virtue, *decency* rebel,
On such let righteous indignation fall!
Up, countrymen! have at them! one and all!
Drag their dark motives to the open day,
And let Scorn's lightnings hot around them play!

Would we a good similitude command,
We have, from these unworthies,* one at hand—
One, too, that Shakespeare even deign'd to flourish,
"A good swift simile, and something *currish*:"
Hark to the voice of the malignants! hark,
As for their bone these Greeley "bull-dogs" bark!
The fierce, the rabid, with the harmless, see,
The dogs of *mark*, the curs of low degree.
The heavy Towser "*speaks*," with hungry chap;
The small, lean puppy whines for office pap!

* Suggested by the coarse language of Greeleyites in reference to the President's "dogs."

All know—the big, the less, the little whelp—
Their master's call, and, at the signal, yelp:
And while they snap, and snarl, and bite the air,
And for their prey—fat offices—prepare,
Amid th' infernal din we seem to hear
E'en human sounds, articulate and clear:
"Corrupt!" will some sore-headed mastiff growl,—
"Corrupt!" in chorus, all the kennel howl!
With fierce bow-wows, and much canine ado,
"Long-Branch!" they bark, and eke the loud "Boo-hoo!"
"Gift-taker," too, these dogs of envy snarl,
By loud Kilpatrick led and surly Carl!
Ah, windy Carl! that his ambition missed,—
Sour, sullen, sore, revengeful anarchist!—
An agitator fierce by nature made;
Who takes to revolutions as a trade;
Who came from Cincinnati, "all forlorn,"
Where he'd expected to exalt his horn!
Silent, awhile, he brooded o'er the ghost
Of his late hope to "rule" th' unruly "roast,"
Doubtful if 'twere the wiser to pursue
The Greeley humbug, or secede anew:
But soon the piebald party's whippers-in
Their needful toils with doubting Schurz begin.
Their meek appeals his vanity appease,
They fire his luke-warm heart by slow degrees,
Til! Greeley's prospects, seen through Liberal eyes,
In rainbow splendors on his vision rise!
The minions promise, from the Sage himself,
That he shall live on Samuel's upper shelf,
If he'll let fly the mud from town to town,
And help pull Grant, "the hated monster," down!
The grand campaign (in words) they there complete,
O'erwhelming us with Waterloo defeat!
The thing is *done* (in fancy,) then and there,
And Carl leaps dreadful in the dance of war,
The upstart tyrant tanner to expose,
And follow Greeley though through h— he goes!
Has not the "proud oppressor" done despite

To our most *modest*, most *deserving* wight?
Has he not felt the Presidential whip,
And writhed beneath the "*bull-dog's" iron grip?—
Known what it was to pocket his disgrace,
Nor have full swing at patronage and place?—
Has Grant not dared to appoint (and disappoint)
The grumbler's nose completely out of joint?
Ah, Schurz! thou mighty, would-be Hercules!
Th' Augean labor ill with thee agrees!
The "cattle" may or kick, or hook, and gore
Thee, sham Reformer! ere thy task be o'er!

O as the deep-laid scheme is brought to view,
And we're assaulted and betray'd anew,
'Tis not in power of language to express
Our deep abhorrence of this wickedness!

Kilpatrick comes, with all his blare and blunder,
To nurse his wrath the Rebel banner under!
*His* head is sore!—he's had a *bad* attack,
That none can cure save our old party †quack,
Who seeks ere long in Washington to ope
For the distress'd his 'pothecary shop!
But we, the People, think 'tis well enough
To "clean him out" with his own doctor-stuff!
A pretty mess he'd make, at his "Reform
In office," with his noisier hungrier swarm!
With all the puff'd pretender's boasted skill,
He'll ne'er match Grant with *powder* and the *pill!*
What!—Greeley bring his lawless "bummers" down,
To play at Government, and act the clown?
As soon let come the Communists of France,
Let Egypt's frogs, and worst of plagues advance!

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* See *Tribune*, since Greeley's apostacy.

† After serious reflection, they all came to the conclusion that the only man uniting all the requirements as a first-class physician and operator was Dr. Horace Greeley of New York.—*Speech of Samuel Stern in New York.*

Let the big Indians—Spotted-Tail,—the squaws,
With their pappooses, *execute* the laws!
If this a governmental farce must be,
Let's have, withal, the "heathenish Chinee!"
Let Bedlam loose! ope the State's Prison gate,
The nation to "reform" and "elevate!"
Give every rascal, every fool a place,—
Give all that Greeley offers in the case!

Since Grant withholds their "ways and means" for dinners,
These harpies curse him, as the chief of sinners;
If he'll not give them plenteous patronage,
Like porcupines, they lift their quills and rage!
Kilpatrick, wounded, smarting in his ire,
Whiles clawing Greeley's chestnuts from the fire,—
And sure no scavenger, no ragged bard,
For his own living ever scratch'd so hard!—
Says, with a sneer and smile sardonic:

"Well,
There's one grave fault of Grant's I'll hint, or tell:
'They say' it is an open question, whether,
When he sold wood, (this wicked man of leather!)
He brought to his good wife, at close of day,
The full amount of sales,—the *utmost* pay!"

'Tis scandalous that we are forced to plead
To these vile innuendoes—'tis, *indeed!*—
A shame, that Nature's, Freedom's gifted son,
Who has our noblest, grandest victories won,
Should be the silent victim of tirade,
And feel the vengeance of a *mud brigade!*
Heavens! has it come to this, that he who stood
The shock of arms, and, through that sea of blood,
Our drooping Standard seized and held it high,
Must hear the shameless soreheads' hue and cry?
Not unrebuked these miscreants shall go,
If we've the weapons to return their blow!

Time was when decency, and e'en respect
Were deem'd as due the Magistrate elect:
The office in itself, in some degree,
Was thought to shield from low-bred ribaldry.
The case is now far otherwise, as seen;
The *Tribune's* turned into a SMUT-MACHINE!
And every worthless scamp that wants a coat
Brings it his *grist, his venom, and his vote!*
That press is laboring, groaning, night and day,
The President to blacken and beray!
From the atrocious sheet extract, at random,
A beastly fling—a dirt-spot *ad captandum.*
In tortures, from th' emphatic public voice
Proclaiming Grant again the people's choice,—
Supporting, whiles, this preference, with the plea
That he'd arrang'd the *small affair with Lee,*
And shown such prudence in concerns of State,
That he should be once more the candidate,—
It pours,—as such an organ can,—its spite,
(To set true merit in the meanest light,)—
In this wise:

"If a plucky fellow pull,
And save, your daughter, from a raging bull,
Pray, would you bid him take her and dispose
Of her in such a manner as he chose?"

The studied insult clearly here implied
Is, that, if Grant the rebel "bulls" defied,
And snatch'd dear Freedom from the gory brutes,
Must he be told that none his right disputes
To seize, and hold as captive, his fair prize,
And "do with her" his wish, in *any wise?*

And this is journalism! This the light,
To bless the land!—to conquer Grant, and night!
This is the Heaven-sent power for truth's defence!
And virtue's advocate *par excellence!*

This is the boasted *Journal of Reform*,
Round which the *buzzards* of the nation swarm !

As we behold each cowardly attack,
And roll this tide of defamation back,
What hideous pictures everywhere arise,—
What shams these whited sepulchres disguise !
O Innocence ! meek-eyed, and from above !
That men adore ! that God, and angels love !
Who, in thy spotless robes, with radiant smile,
Dost win earth's pilgrims from the Tempter's wile !
How oft, alas, in thy sweet, saintly name,
Base souls enact their deeds of sin and shame !
And thus we find it, as we briefly trace
The course of those who fain would now disgrace
Him whom a grateful people call'd to stand
The tried and trusted Guardian of the land.

We grant that some who glory in their skill
To smutch with tongue, or blacken with the quill,—
The desperate leaders in this Rebel raid,—
Rank not with scoundrels of the lowest grade ;
'Mong senators did faction e'en prevail ;
Schurz was the head, and Tipton was the tail ;
With Sumner, Trumbull, Fenton fix'd between ;
A sad cabal, surcharg'd with gall and spleen.
And wherefore was their wrath enkindled thus ?—
Why pointed each at Grant his blunderbuss ?
By their own acts they made it clear indeed
That "Rule, or Ruin," was their Liberal Creed !
They found a man so "stubborn" in his station
He would not let them run th' Administration !—
Kept not the fear of them before his eyes,
And fail'd their wondrous powers to recognize.
'Twas sad to see such *lights*—so simon pure,
That one could fortune for his friend secure,
And be so generous as not to rob
Of half the profits in a cotton job.

And by his letters get the thing to look
(When they were copied) square with Holy Book,—
'Twas sad to see such *honorable* men—
Such *geniuses*!—so apt with tongue or pen!—
Distrusted, slighted, in so shabby manner,
By this outrageous Presidential tanner!

We could have wish'd, in view of Sumner's past,
With such a crew his lot had not been cast.
'Tis pitiful, to see a man, who stood
With giants once, to uphold the true and good,—
Who in the strife bore no ignoble name,—
Draw on himself the maculæ of shame!
Consort with base conspirators!—with those,
Not Grant's alone, but God and country's foes!
Alas that jealousy, and thirst for power
Should thus o'ercome him in an evil hour;
For, smit with love of magisterial sway,
He tolerates no rival in the way.
Lincoln's renomination vex'd him, sore;
The choice of Grant incensed him even more;
Till, smarting with the pain of hope deferred,
In open war his angry voice was heard.
Each word, each action of the President
He did but censure and misrepresent;
Rose in his place, vindictive and irate,
With vile detraction to assassinate!
As when some desperate pettifogger tries
A hopeless case, and in a fury flies;
Pours from vituperous lips his ready blast,
Till all the bounds of decency are past,—
Till slanders, threatenings, thunders, all commix,
A stigma on the innocent to fix,—
So does mad Sumner in the Senate rave
Against *defendant*, honest, modest, brave!
Strange, that a man who boasts him free of dudgeon,
For one who beat him senseless with a bludgeon:
That he within whose breast such love can glow,
He curbs resentment for th' assassin's blow:

That one, in whom sweet charity expands,
Till he can close the "chasm" with his hands,—
And be so much at peace with man and God,
That he can *stoop to kiss the bloody rod!*—
(Who might, perchance, of carnal bent so free him,
He'd help to build for Brooks a mausoleum ?)—
Should so ignore and outrage Christian grace,
As make this mean attack, for ends so base!
Must his abounding charity be hushed
By the vain promptings of ambition's lust?
Shall he his mock forbearance thus parade
In tender words for such a villain said;
And all th' artillery of his wrath be fired
At him who holds the Office he desired?
Such *piety* but makes him fit compeer
Of Thomas Paine, who wrote, in strain severe:
"Take from the mine the coldest, hardest stone,
It needs no fashion, it is *Washington!*
But if you chisel, let your stroke be rude,
And on his breast engrave, 'INGRATITUDE.'"
As Paine maligned Columbia's noblest son,
Sumner befoul's our later Washington:
And this, because, as speed the rolling years,
With each new candidate increase his fears
That he shall miss the idol of his soul,
Nor figure on the Presidential roll!
But, ah! what charm in this can he descry
To draw him down from his integrity?—
What potent spell to lead him thus astray
From honor's path, and cloud his later day?
O when, with envy rankling in his heart,
He had prepared to hurl th' envenomed dart,
Ere he had bent him to his purpose, why
Could no good angel catch his angry eye,
And gently warn him ere 'twas all too late
'Gainst his rash deed, and his impending fate?
Alas, by scores, how are the mighty slain,
With this dread Presidency on the brain!

No man, 'tis true, the office need despise,
If to it he shall honorably rise;
One may be grateful, even, for the trust,
Obtained thro' friends and measures strictly just;
Yet, all the pleasures, honors, it can lend,
The quiet walks of lettered life transcend.
Who would exchange a Dickens', Irving's joy,
For Presidential station and employ?
Think you a Scott, a Thackeray, Carlyle
With the poor offer you could thus beguile?
Imagine Pope, a Goldsmith, or a Burns,
For pleasure, deep in Government concerns;
And as for glory, by the throat of Mars!
We'd sooner shine with those bright twinkling stars,
Than merely as a President!—as high
As seems the honor in a "Liberal" eye.
With Pegasus we'd rather soar, or canter—
The *Dunciad* sing, *The Hermit*, *Tam O'Shanter*,—
Than be a score of Presidents in one,
And take the average glory as 'twould run.
And how this pales before a Milton's fame;
Beside a Shakespeare's, Homer's, ah how tame!
Again, how would a Morse, a Fulton look
Striving to gain the post by hook or crook?
Nay, how would Agassiz himself appear,
Shedding the woeful Presidential tear?—
(As longing *Greeley late the liquid threw
Like a cold cabbage drenched in morning dew!)
Why should the man of genius, culture, be
So blindly bent on mediocrity?
Why should the classic Sumner deign to fight
For dubious honors, like an Ishmaelite?—
Why should our would-be Cicero malign
Our greatest hero as a Catiline?
Has he not learned the Cyclopedic art,
And got the dictionaries all by heart?

---

*The kindness of his friends moved him to tears.—*Newspaper Report.*

Has he not dipped, as' twere, in everything,
Till scores of wondering smatterers hailed him King!
And shall he, with these *laurels* on his brow,
Enlist as champion in a sorehead row?

Grant sought *not* office, but the *office said—
"'Tis meet the lustre of thy name be shed
On us! Take thou the helm of State, and be
Awhile for us the crown of victory!"
And so it was: and he hath ruled us well.
Though Ku-Klux howl, and demagogues rebel!
And as it was, it shall be so again!
While patriot millions shout the loud Amen!

The power, for which our mad Reformers climb:—
That mediocre men have thought sublime;—
The wondrous prize, which Sumner deems so sweet,
And which brought Greeley to the anxious-seat—
Is not the *ne plus ultra*, after all,
For which to strive, upon this earthly ball.
For mere authority why should we rage?—
Where find the warrant upon History's page?
If Cæsar dine in majesty of state,
On either hand see the untitled great,—
Venusium's bard, and he of Mantua sit,
Glorious in song and for the ages fit!
And who would not the wheezing Virgil be,
Or weak-eyed Horace, sooner far, than he
Who rallied them with his Imperial jeers,
Declaring he was "placed 'twixt sighs and tears?"

We dwell on this, because rebuke is meet,—
So many seek the Presidential Seat,
And forfeit reputation, grow insane,
The coveted and thankless post to gain.
We urge the youth, too often, to aspire
To power, as there were nothing nobler, higher.

* "Office does not make the man; it is men like him who glorify and dignify office,"—said Horace G., at Newport, (of Henry Clay.

'Tis taught the tyro in the public school.—
Enforced with birch, and with no *golden rule!*—
Upon his task to keep his mind intent,
For possibly he'll be a President!
Who, ever, yet addressed a class, but knows
"With" this "remark" they aye expect he'll "close?"
And thus it was, a Sumner's, Greeley's mind,
From the bent twig, to crooked ways inclined.
O teach our lads—teach every mother's son—
Their shameful course and selfishness to shun!
Don't so abuse the urchin's tender brain,
He'll feel a life-long Presidential pain!

In Washington, a Jackson, or a Grant.—
True patriots, tried, and firm as adamant.—
'Tis condescension to consent to be
Th' Executive; and more especially
If every knave or noodle who is hurt
Shall be allow'd full freedom with his dirt;
Or if the candidate, who glory won,
The gauntlet of the vagabonds must run!
It might pay Greeley,—every lesser light,—
Perchance, to wage their coarse and reckless fight,
Could they but conquer, in their work of shame:
But for a personage of world-wide fame,
Slight is the glory, small are the avails,
Though o'er their pandemonium he prevails.
Yet, if the people, (not the baser sort,)
For one more triumph shall to him resort,
Our late-made "peace" to make more *peaceable*,
And this new phase of treason to annul,
It is his duty, as his right, to yield,
And 'gainst the curs'd destructives take the field!

And while this noisy, mercenary clan—
"Ready to fight for any god or man,"
If they but sight hats, shoes, or other thing
The miscreants need, and offices will bring—

Have had their spies and sore informers sent,
To badger and belie the President,
Through all the devious, damning ways they've wound,
What real cause for censure have they found?
None, absolutely none! Still, they've pursued,
And like hyenas howled their interlude.
They've charged, the Constitution was o'er reached,
And Sumner says that Grant "should be impeached!"
But what would be this Magna Charta when
Expounded by these base, ambitious men?
How long since it was stretched to such degree,
That Slavery's self claimed the supremacy?—
Reached out her long, sly, grasping, tyrant hand,
To clutch our liberties and blood the land?—
Claiming, as hypocrites are wont to do,
For her misdeeds, the Constitution too?
As much we need intelligence diffus'd,
And men for office to low tricks unus'd,—
Those all above the selling out their souls
For thirty pieces, offered at the polls!—
Those who'll not run from Beersheba to Dan
Groaning for office, labeled "I'm the Man!"—
We need as much, we say, those who'll not go
In "ways" so "dark," and to a depth so low,
They take th' infectious Cincinnati sore,
And loathsome leprousy of Baltimore!—
As much we need *true men*, our rights to save,
As the Great Charter that our fathers gave!
"The Constitution!"—aye, 'tis glorious grand!
And whoso "breaks" it, palsied be his hand!
Whoe'er defrauds us of our rights, and pleads,
In its great name, to justify his deeds,
Let him be outlawed, feel a felon's pains,
And wear a mark more hideous than Cain's!
The Constitution, in unworthy hands,
Scarce a safe bulwark 'gainst oppression stands.
Give it once o'er to Greeley and his crew,

With his known weakness and their ends in view,
God help the Nation! for the Nation can't!—
Unless once more it rally round a Grant!
O how the longing, Ku-Klux nominee,
With such a Cabinet as his must be,—
When his own pardon's sent to Davis, straight,
And he is Secretary made of State!—
When Toombs shall take th' Attorney-General's place,
And other lights each other office grace—
How then our Sage and those will *mend* the matter!—
The Constitution mutilate and shatter!
As soon submit to Satan Holy Writ,
For him t' explain and to disfigure it,
As give these fellows what they clamor for,
And curse the land again with Civil war!

Alas, how every sorry Sorehead shakes,
To think how much the Constitution "breaks!"
Ah yes, how tender have these worthies grown!—
They most who strove to have it overthrown:
How soon these converts, once so bellicose,
Have grown o'er-loyal, loving, lachrymose!
How dear to them fair Freedom's Charter seems;
They bless, by day, and clasp it, in their dreams!
E'n those who ne'er the document have read
Swear "Grant has killed the Constitution *dead!*"
And many a man that cannot read at all
Mourns, like a crocodile, its dreadful fall!
To some, the subject is both drink and meat;
Their knock-down argument, in every street;
They pile the agony in all their talk;
The Constitution's in their very walk;
Their wish, their worry, all their trials, sighs,
Are *constitutional!*—and so their LIES!
And pray, what would our Constitution be
If wise Ulysses had not "broken" Lee?
Gods! do they wail, and tremble, and look blue,
For fear our Grant some dreadful deed will do?

As if a lamb, from ravenous wolves be saved,
By the bold shepherd who the beasts has braved;
Then from its guardian should be torn at last,
And to the hungry brutes again be cast;
So spurious Reformers would release
From Grant the Government, they're hot to fleece!—
And therefore *righteous* Greeley!—the ANNOINTED!
By Rebeldom and treachery appointed!—
Must take command, and have his paupers ready,
With unclean hands the Nation's Ark to steady!

O shun this dubious, jack-o'-lantern light,
That leads through bogs and quagmires of the night!
Let not the specious phantom lead astray,—
Pursue, with us, the straight and well-tried way.
Go not with these dissemblers once abroad;
The Greeley movement's a stupendous fraud!
'Tis one of the Arch Enemy's own missions,
And "*the last ditch*" *of dirty politicians!*
If some republicans have proved unsound,
Where shall th' ungodly Greelyite's be found?
If we some bogus carpet-baggers fear,
Where shall Secesh and Tammany appear?

To Grant the *Tribune* doth the title give
Of "Ethiopian Executive;"*
"The leopard, the barbarian;"—(beast,
Or man)! Choice crumbs from the Reformers' feast!
To fitly meet each scurrilous attack,
Would put both taste and patience to the rack;
For with such weapons these infernals fight,
The blows they merit shock the ear polite:
So, Muse, with milder epithets pursue
Their candidate whene'er he's brought to view.

What all-embracing charity is his,
Extended to his life-long enemies;

* *Tribune* of August 27.

To Southern interests what sublime devotion,
While on his knees he's begging for promotion:
Prostrate in dust and ashes there he *lies*,
Himself, his all, a willing sacrifice!—
E'en for the abolition sins he did,
Offering his *Tribune* as th' atoning kid!—
His poor pet goatling!—dearer far than aught
Save the impossible distinction sought!

As the maternal bear will cuff, and rub,
And lick to shape her misbegotten cub,
And fondle, tumble, hug, and intricate
Her bruteling to the locomotive state,
So the Convention pawed, at Baltimore,
Th' unwelcome gift of Cincinnati o'er,
Till, with the help of many a plastic hand,
'Twas on the double platform made to stand.

A very prodigy is Greeley, sure,
His multiform mutations to endure:
Then "what" he "knows" must be to him affliction;
So full of whim-whams and of contradiction:
Wise as the serpent, harmful as the fox,
He's made his life th' absurdest paradox.
In him the mocker and the weeper find,—
Democritus and Heraclitus joined.
Unlike to Balaam, going up to bless
The way of light and truth and happiness,
Through fallen angels was he led astray,
And down the mountains cars'd us all the way!

"He served his country!" So did Arnold, well,
And then betrayed it, like his parallel.
See the stern warrior brave Canadian snows
And perils dire, to thunder on his foes!
Despairing men his heroism fired,
A terror in his foes his name inspired!
In Freedom's cause he moved, a flaming light,

And led in battle with a lion's might!
But then, alas, how terrible his fate,
To fall so basely from his high estate!
Our Later Arnold, valiant for a while,
And, on the surface, innocent of guile,—
At times efficient with his lawless quill,
Belligerent attitude, and power of will,—
By most accounted tolerably bold,—
He, too, himself, as shamefully hath sold.
The earlier traitor, on the score of wage,
Had one advantage o'er our wily Sage,
For that was paid in British gold, for ill;
While this scarce boasts a continental bill!

Since now the time draws nigh when 'twill be said:
"Poor Greeley is politically dead!"
'Tis harmless, sure, anticipating it;
So let his mournful epitaph be writ:

"Here rests the man who, a vast field commanding,
Could, with his gettings, get not understanding;
Lived to small purpose, *this* thing tried, and *that*,
But *the* thing needful never could come at!
He in ineptitude conspicuous shone,
But scarcely *dared* leave anything alone!—
Nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath,
Whereon his genius ventured not to breathe!
He passed as honest in a certain sense,—
Committed no indictable offense;
He in the people's estimation rose,
And e'en drew censure from Secession foes;
But such his eagerness to rule the State,
He came to be the piebald candidate:
Like other traitors, had the due reward,
And was exploded by his own petard;
For, seeking by conspiracy to rise,
He fired the match!—he *rose!*—and here he lies!"

One fault of Grant's, the Sorehead grumblers teach,
Is, he is not grandiloquent of speech,—
Cannot with grace his rounded periods roll,
Or touch, with Tully's force and fire, the soul!
And here we're minded that a Washington
Ne'er knew to let the wordy torrent run,
And how, such diffidence did he possess,
What time his thanks on rising to express
For the high honor Congress had conferred,
His faltering tongue refused the ready word,
Till one, to help the hero kindly through,
And bring his merits fully into view,
Said:

"Sir, sit down!" (we pray you mark the sequel!)
"Your modesty is to your valor equal!"

Not thus, when now the man of force and daring,
Of eloquence, from any cause, is sparing,
Is there indulgence shown, but taunts and rage,
By those who glory in their wordy Sage!
How slow are we to learn that noise and show
Monopolize not all of worth below,—
That deepest streams run silent in their course,
And fastest tongues like lightest-laden horse.

Is Greeley or so eloquent or learned
That with his coat the Nation should be turned?
Does he not rather wear a thin disguise
Of wretched patchwork to astound our eyes?—
Like some huge effigy dressed up for show,
Whose fame the lusty Barnum best can blow?
Does he not seem as one of whom 'tis said,
"He's stores of bookful lumber in his head?"
Is his parade of wisdom from the fountain?
Or the poor off'spring of the laboring mountain?

If, by much speaking, we a man may judge,
Two-thirds, at least, of him is sheerest fudge.

We've read and heard his lucubrations long,
To find them but in namby-pamby strong.
When he of late around the circle swung,
To charm New England with bilingual tongue,
Not all his "eloquence" and "power of brain,"
Gained him great glory in Vermont and Maine;
Though he discussed, with fervor, Liberal shams,
And grew pathetic o'er congenial "clams:"
Nor, later, gathered many to his fold,
Though westward loud his red-hot thunders rolled!
If "speech is silver, silence golden," then
Forbear to choose the noisiest of men;
If modesty becomes the truly great,
Grant may not be the dolt or reprobate.

Among the wretched falsehoods freely told
By Greeleyites, abandoned, fierce, and bold,
None seems more execrable, in the strife,
Than that reflecting upon private life:
With hypocritic horror they relate,
"Grant is immoral!—an inebriate!"
And this base charge, unfounded as 'tis grave,
Is even echoed by a Reverend knave!—
A man who steals, while saturate with sin,
Religion's cloak to serve the devil in!
We would that this stale falsehood from his tongue
Were the least vice that to the scoundrel clung,—
Or that he did not, spite feign'd fear of grog,
Break each commandment in the Decalogue!
Th' "intoxication" lie from cowards came,
That, envious, sought to tarnish Grant's fair fame,
At Shiloh, or wherever else he led,
"He was dead drunk," the dirty jail-birds said!
And now *The Tribune*, and each satellite,
Parade th' atrocious fiction with delight:
Forgetful, while they tell it often o'er,
Of the great sin that lies at their own door.

With what ill grace the tippling slander flies
'Mong those close linked with "rummies"* as allies,
And whom the Sage was wont to doctor, *some*,
With his own vinegar and capsicum,
Ere yet for office he prepared to "loaf" it,
With out-laws, Ku-klux, Tammany and Tophet!
Three-fourths, at least, of those that shout for Greeley,
By his own showing, take their liquor freely!
Methinks we see him lead them to the charge—
A noisy "mob"* and dangerous at large;
The "fierce"* Democracy's forlornest hope!
Some cheated prisons, others 'scaped the rope,
To vote for Horace: while, with drinking warm,
They bruise each other, battling for reform!
Himself see Captain Greeley stultify!
Lay all his war-worn, trusty weapons by,
And lead, arrayed like windmill-fighting Don,
His "rowdy,"* "lazy," loud-mouthed "cut-throats"* on!
He moves, a great Goliath in his look,
Heedless of pebble picked from lowly brook,
Till, smit, he drops, and in his sudden fall,
Feels in his front as 'twere a whole stone wall!
For, sure as fate, this sorry Sorehead Chief,
With all his "rabble,"* shall be brought to grief!
Nor treachery nor slander shall succeed;
So have the people's voice, and Heaven, decreed!

Before the noisy bacchanals shall chide
The habits of our President, belied,
Let his Satanic Majesty begin
Preaching repentance and rebuking sin!

While Grant with calumny the Liberals fight,
They hold up Greeley as a shining light.
Since he, with Democratic virtue fired,
And by the *saints* of Tammany *inspired*,
So meekly contrite to confession came,

* Greeley's favorite epithets for Democrats aforetime.

Professed repentance in the Rebels' name—
What efforts 'mong his partizans—what strife!
To advertise him in the Christian life.
One writes a letter, loving as he can,
Asking our "votes for the religious man!"
Another Liberal brother money pays,
To buy him into missionary ways,
Contriving his "life membership"* to mix
With *heathenish* attempts in politics!
We scorn not his religion—God forbid,
If in his bosom one true spark be hid!
But when for "votes" his grace is blazed abroad,
We deprecate the vulgar, pious fraud!
Mark ye *what power* has brought him to his knees!
Nor think him worthy of the kingdom's keys!
E'en he, 'tis said, was wonder-struck—surprised!
To find his piety so eulogized.
He'd heard his friends his many merits tell,
Nor grew excited; thought it wise and well;
He'd drawn his pen, they said, in Freedom's cause;
Had mended men, their manners, and their laws:
But when they came to publish him a saint,
His white hat blushed, his very coat was faint!
And when enabled "to expatiate free,"
His nature gushed in this soliloquy:
"It *may* be so! 'Awake, ye slumbering fires!'
I *am* the truth, and all men else are liars!
But if I'm what these Liberals say I am,
Till the Election, I must shut my 'dam(n)!'
But, O Jerusalem! when the time is o'er,
How like perdition shall the torrent pour!
The gate once hoisted!—stand from under, ye
Who with your deucèd mischief peppered me!—
Especially if that wherein I trust
My hope, my all—my Presidency's bu(r)st!
And if those fellows that proclaim me 'pious,'

* See newspaper accounts of Mr. Greeley's having been made a life member of Missionary Society.

Backslide, at last, and at the polls defy us—
'Go back on us' in this our trial hour!
I'll curse them in a hail-and-thunder shower!
And now I'm minded, there's that dev'lish* Nast,
For whom I'm storing up a special blast!
Let him and *Harpers* tremble for my strictures
On their infernal, *purgatorial* pictures!
'Twould be a consolation in defeat,
To give them *condemnation, full, complete!*
But, since I'm made a 'missionary' tool,
I'll try awhile to *play* the golden rule,—
Wear a meek face, 'a smile that's childlike, bland,'
As in the streets and synagogues I stand;
But if th' Election turns (as turn it may!)
For Grant, I'll read said rule the other way;
I'll give the rendering that we turn-coats need,
And, as a trickster, have the Scripture read—
(Though in our Platform 'tis not thus confess'd)
'*Do unto others what for you is best.*'"

Had not the Liberals as their stock in trade,
Their wanton personalities displayed,
We had not whetted the dissecting knife
To make incisions into private life;
But since the mongrels only will traduce,
And each vile muzzle's shotted with abuse,
We're forced to meet their hate and execration
With some mild means of counter-irritation;
We must expose the wicked make-believes,
And bar our temple 'gainst this gang of "thieves!"†
It doubtless was the purpose of this faction
To vault to power by slander and detraction;
And make poor Horace sell them, in his dotage,
His name, his birthright, for their mess of pottage!
But though he 's made the scapegoat for their sins,
Grant shall yet tan their cursèd "whisky skins!"

* One of H. G.'s mildest epithets whenever he alludes to this artist.

† H. G.'s *fluttering* term by which he frequently characterized Democrats.

When Prussia's kingly chief had met the Gaul,
And driven the haughty braggart to the wall;
Then for a while suspended his command,
And sought in peace the grateful Fatherland,
How all discordant, 'mid the general joy,
Had been the howl of Envy's low employ;
Not less repulsive are the barks and bites
Of ill-bred slanderers 'mong the Greeleyites:
Immortal William wears th' Imperial crown!
They let on Grant their mud and thunder down!

When Wellington—his hard-fought battles o'er—
In triumph sought old Albion's smiling shore,
A thankful people yielded him acclaim,
Bestowed their millions, gloried in his fame;
And thrice was he ennobled; half the earth
Paid homage to his genius and his worth;
But our own hero, no less brave and great,
These Sorehead ruffians would annihilate!--
Not sparing wife, or child, or aught beside,
In which might centre honor, love, or pride!
They find he is not by their threat'nings awed,—
Despite their rumpus, still he "goes abroad!"
The "monster" has his "cottage by the sea!"
Has too much cream and sugar in his tea!
His bill of fare, from Alpha to Omega,
They scan, and find no Greeley ruta-baga!
They call him "brutal," "stolid," and "morose,"
Because not always telling "what he knows;"
This man, who saved the nation, they reproach,
Because he dares to keep an extra "coach!"
The very charger that has borne him through
The gory fields where deadly missals flew,
They meanly grudge him, and would fain relieve
The owner, of him, could they *safely thieve!*
These wretches even emulate the hog,
And gnash their teeth in vengeance at his "*dog*!"
A "beast" more wonderful than he of yore,
To set all Hades howling at the door!

In but one point Hell's hound was equal with
Our President's—old Cerberus was a *myth!*
For, like much else that gives these grumblers pains,
*Grant has no dog, save in their "puppy" brains!*

What nation from its heroes will withhold
Its meed of praise, rich gifts, and shining gold?
A Nelson was ennobled, and received
A sum that had our wretched Soreheads grieved;
Cromwell, for services in civil war,
Was paid a price sham Liberals might abhor;
For his, had Fairfax jewels, rich and rare,
With coin, to make a "*plum*" Greeley swear!
To Marlb'rough was a stately palace given,
And fortune, such as had to madness driven
This noisy, rabid, impecunious brood
That on the patient public now intrude.
(A shame it were!—a National disgrace!
To give these surly beggars power and place)!

Grant is not "rich," save in his peerless fame,
Though Cresus' wealth for him the Liberals claim.
One might suppose, from all their storm and blare,
He had indeed become a millionaire;
But when his modest fortune's truly known,
It can by clearest evidence be shown
That Horace Greeley's wasted—fooled away—
More capital than *he* is worth, to-day!

'Tis fortunate for Government indeed
If from these covetous Reformers freed.
They quite eclipse, in poignancy of grief,
Virginia's Tory "bawling" for his "beef!"

Then "Grant's a nepotist," these croakers charge,
And on the point lugubriously enlarge;—
He has, *ad infinitum*, his relations,
And all appointed to well-salaried stations!

They make him out a very patriarch,
And 'gainst imaginary households bark;
They curse his wife's relations, by the dozen,
And damn his own e'en to the hundredth "cousin!"
'Mid all this hubbub by the rowdies raised,
To learn the facts one well may stand amazed!
There's scarce a grain of truth in what they utter,
Loud as they've clamored over "bread and butter!"
To *think*, that after this great bugaboo,
Grant has "appointed" of his kin but *two!*
True, some few others have in office been;
The savage Sumner hunted down thirteen;
The other growling mongrels, sore and lame,
Have multiplied, (and, whiles, behowled,) the game!
The "relatives," the outs so much detest,
Came honestly to favor, as the best.
But the barbarians are so *heavenly-pure*,
They can't this shocking "nepotism" endure!
The President's old father—worthy man—
They heap their dirt on!—foul him as they can!—
Calling on Heaven (and on the *other* place!)
To help them to besmut him and disgrace!
The *Tribune* scavengers can never tire
Of their mud engines dumping on the sire!
And all because their victim won't let go
The *Post* that Johnson happened to bestow!
The "moral" sneak-thieves, mauger their disguise,
Would steal the coin from a dead mother's eyes!
Their breed of scoundrels lived in Jackson's time,
His mother's sacred memory to beslime,—
Declaring, to impair the General's worth,
That "a mulatto woman gave him birth!"
And no less odious are the taunts we meet
In Greeley's dirty, diabolic sheet!
It calls the President "coarse," "boorish," "base,"
"Reckless," "pig-headed," "beastly," "a disgrace!"
Its tribe, afflicted with the scribbling itch,
Deluge with ink! assassinate with pitch!
'Twas but the other day, a *Tribune* spy

On Nellie Grant* let his black vengeance fly!
He'd hounded her, it seems, in places various,
But found no chance to attack her till in Paris:
Then—O ye horrors!—listen to her "capers!"
Post this young lady!—publish in the papers!
Proclaim the dismal tidings 'cross the water,
Against this most unfilial, *dreadful* daughter!
Does any one of decency and sense,
Inquire the nature of this rank offense?
Then know, she took this Tribunary mopping
Because she ventured through the city shopping!—
As many another maiden has, and *will*,
Spite the vile vagabond with vulture's quill!
Pray, of what nation, save of this our own,
Was ever meanness, so detested, known?
Where else is found the scribbler so debased,
That he through Europe hath the daughter chased,—
Her every act and motive thus reviled,—
To strike the patriot hero through his child?
Was there no countryman of Nellie's by
To warn her 'gainst the villain's ugly eye?—
No *Christian* help at hand, 'gainst Greeley boors,
To kick the *Tribune's* hangdog out of doors?
Look to your "jewels," ladies, "satins, laces,"
Your "silks and velvets," when you see *such faces!*

The fact that Liberals their vocation ply,
Gives their stale charge of "tyranny" the lie;—
That they can belch, unharmed, their vileness, free,
Is standing evidence of "liberty!"
With justice done, as honest men allow,
They'd wear the rogue-mark branded on the brow!

We tire of this!—it aggravates the blood,
To battle 'gainst this Coalition mud!

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* "I was in Paris when Miss Nellie Grant was making her purchases, and I cannot doubt that the jewels, silks, satins, velvets and costly laces, which go to make up her wardrobe, will consume her father's salary as President for one year."—*Tribune.*

There's scarce a charge, that manhood may degrade,
These office-begging rascals have not made!
They see the Government is prospering well,
But represent it as a type of hell!
They only war on the Administration,
With hope to inflict themselves upon the Nation!
To help them in their wild, ambitious plan,
They rally round a disaffected man,—
A busy, fickle, fussy, roving wonder,
Full of conceit and his Reforming thunder:—
One of the unstable and aggressive kind,
Possessing not, nor giving peace of mind;
One who, if not exactly knave or fool,
Ne'er had the least ability to rule:
For, the one trait that recommends the Sage
To the high post, and fires his Liberal rage,
Is, his capacity (we own it sadly!)
To work for office, and to *want it badly!*
And far more, too, in need of it he stands,
Than it requires the tinkering of his hands;
For know, that when such visionary wights
Assume to set the Government to rights,
They needs must bluster, thrash and tear around,
Or, who'll discern their statesmanship profound?
O what a dust would our wild *woodman* raise,
"In these weak, piping," and degenerate days!
He'd teach mankind the mysteries that lie
Conglobed around th' almighty capital "*I!*"*

Behold this noisy, masquerading yeoman,
Drummed up by demagogues to be their showman!
Claim'd as the very pink of all plebeians,—
Round whom the rustics are to sing their peans!—

* "To that end *I* labored; to that end *I* speak; and *I* do believe that the movement of which *I* am an expositor and symbol before you, is calculated to produce that end."—H. G's speech at Corry, Pa., Sept. 25. As an egotist Mr. Greeley may *stump* the continent as Champion. None can compete with him.

Who, spite the boasted lumbering he "knows" of,
Is liable to "chop" his own great toes off!
And, when his hacking, hewing, he begins,
Endangering his own and others' shins!—
Whose sickening, wishy-washy "farmer" lore
Has come to be the Nation's butt and bore!—
Whose cabbage-stumpy wisdom tamely shines,
Or has the wail of warbling pumpkin vines;
Who grows at "Expositions" *thin*, jejune,—
Forever harping on the same old tune!

We give to husbandmen the honor due;
To till God's earth is honest, manly, true:
What titled idler, nominally great;
What proud possessor of unearned estate;
What care-worn dweller in the noisy town;
What splendid slave, pressed by a jeweled crown,
E'er knew such raptures as the man inspire
Who stands a monarch at his cabin fire!—
Whose throne's his hearth-stone, planted by his hand;
Whose ax his sceptre; whose dominion LAND!
A self-made banker, on the base of TOIL,
He digs his treasure from the virgin soil!
Not such is he, who, fondly mindful how
Old Cincinnatus fared when at the plow,
Fancied himself by this in Fame's sure way,—
Thus to be made an idol of some day,—
Hearing the people thunder in his track:
"Great is King Greeley! Great is Chappaquack!"
For this, he took the shovel and the hoe;
For this, he laid the sylvan saplings low;
For this, he put the turnip in his talk;
In fancy, rode the bean-poles, in his walk;
For this, with gestures seemed to break the sod,
And in his speech he whoa'd, and geed, and hawed!
With his assumed vocation he intrigued,
Went preaching, South, and with the Ku-Klux leagued;—
Coquetting with his rare stultiloquence,

Till they became the rock of his defense.
He told the Southrons what "he knew," (and more!)
Of "Farming," and they *let* him bore;—
Heard, with grave faces,—smothering, whiles, the laugh,—
His Sage "experience" with a lively "calf,"
How he "on stubble and on pig-weed grazed it,
And with skim-milk and strong dish-water raised it;"
How "Cayenne Pepper, sprinkled in the feed
Of growing shoats, to *smart* results would lead;"
How "sawdust, mixed with meal, would help along,"
(As gas aids turncoats when they're in the wrong).
The worthies heard his swashy lingo run,
From after dinner to the set of sun;—
Heard him discourse on ditching, planting, sowing,
Log-rolling, blasting rocks, and onion-growing;
Of crop rotations, buckwheat, raising bees;
And how to make the greenest kind of cheese!
He told some things that would not square with reason,
Forgetful of the climate, soil, and season;
But these the Southerners passed bravely by,
Since they to other business had an eye:
They heard him pour his willing wisdom out,
Copious, tremendous, as a water-spout!
But ne'ertheless with stratagem they wrought,
And the loose orator with *honey* caught.
We'll not detail the cooing and parade;—
"Barkis was willing," and the bargain made.
His weakness well the wily Southrons know!—
Alas for office, and the face of dough!
Alas for treachery, slander, and distortion!
For Cincinnati—Baltimore—abortion!

Greeley, long since, had learned the shabby trick
Of bridging "chasms" o'er with rhetoric;
He knew to placate Southern prejudice:—
Begged:—and was pardoned what he'd done amiss:
He had "grown* older,"—found, "that in the past,"

* H. G.'s speeches in New Hampshire and elsewhere.

He'd "been too headstrong, rather fierce and fast:"
The little, 'late unp'easantness,' 't's true,
Had warped his judgment, set his face askew;
But he had found, on sober second thought,
'Twas a prodigious phantom he had fought;
He'd quite repented of his wicked deed,—
Was sorry any had been made to bleed:
In sooth, it was not worth the while, at all,
The slight mistakes of 'brethren' to recall!
In fact, to men of decency and sense,
Secession wasn't any *great* offense:
In sober truth, as he the case reviewed,
He rather thought the South was *not* subdued:—
That we'd perverted history, perchance;
That, as the Greeley gospel should advance,—
This Liberal movement spread o'er all the land,
"Reform" our books—exauthorate, expand!—
There'd come a time from prejudice so free,
That men should read, "*Grant was subdued by Lee*,"—
That the victorious Southern General saw
His foe's dilemma, and the Higher Law
(Which the "bold ruffian" could not recognize,)
Prompted the conqueror to the sacrifice!—
A Christian gentleman, Lee could afford
To give the backwoods blackguard up his sword!
That for this magnanimity so rare,
The South had not of offices its share;
In short, that since the family reunion,
Not *all* the Rebels were in close communion—
(As Davis, and a few such *noble* fellows,
Of whom it was preposterous to be jealous!)—
At least, they were not singled out, and made
Recipients of attention and parade!
"Now, as for me," says Father Greeley, "I
Am anxious we should *elevate* 'em, *high!*
I do not mean that other dreadful thing
Some countries do!—make the poor traitors *swing!*
But I would put 'em all in some *good place*,—

Make 'em the subjects of especial grace.
I preach forgiveness—loving, clasping :—missing
No opportune hand-shaking, hugging, kissing !*
Come to my arms, my Democratic loves !
Come ye of Tammany !—my sweet *Ring doves !*
Come, rally round th' immortal great white coat !
I'll teach you charity, (and how to vote !)
To those whom I've abused, my heart I ope !—
I've been o'er-righteous, as I'll prove by *Pope :*
' In striving to be gods, if angels fell,
In striving to be angels, men rebel !'
Come, though in ' grog,' or from your ' pow-wows' gory,
I'll lead you forth to victory and glory !
*Come !*—take the milk of kindness from my dairy !
I've torn all harshness from the dictionary ;
Expunged the terms that whilom gave you grief,—
As, ' Rebel,' ' rascal,' ' Copperhead' and ' thief :'
Having expurged with care my lexicon,
To metaphors mellifluous I run,—
' Concession,' ' peace,' and ' harmony' I'm at ;
Flock round, my birdlings ! Sing ' *Poor Pussy-Cat ?* "

This is, in substance, what his " speaking" shows.
Though not in *song* he tells us " what he knows ;"
For he to versing's horribly averse !—
The poets and poetics are a curse,
To him, since he his murd'rous music tried :
For rhyme and measure he so crucified,
That when he read it o'er, as something found
Upon his desk, to fellow scribblers round,—
Expecting them to cry,—" *Good !*" " BETTER ! !" " BEST ! !!"
(A very marvel, miracle, confessed !)—
Instead of " Glory !" and " Exce'sior !"
They " went back on" it, with the might of Thor !
Their strictures fell upon the verse-struck " Farmer,"
Heavy as Cyclops' blows on Mars's armor !

* " He held a formal reception, and graciously permitted a few present to give him a chaste kiss."—*Report of his visit to Jeffersonville.*

The wicked critics made our songster feel
The cruel tortures of a thrice-skinned eel!
They thought it "well to publish such a thing,
Just as a sample of what fools would bring
For them, afflicted, through the press to pass!"
They'd "*print* it! *yes!* and *flay* the tuneful ass!"
This one sad trial of poetic skill
Thus served to cure e'en one so versatile;
And, ever since, he's been the Muses' bane—
Sending his meat-ax through the Tuneful Train!

While Greeley works him nearly into spasms,
Traveling for votes, and closing ugly "chasms,"—
"*Mobbed" by his Liberals, courting bloody noses;—
Serene in peace our candidate reposes.
From him no Sorehead thunder-bursts are heard;
At most a bow, a soldier's modest word,
And that calm look you comprehend so well
Who on the field have felt th' inspiring spell!—
That look, which more than simple words delights?—
Which more became him in his hundred fights,
Than all the frothy, wild, vociferous clang!—
The blustering eloquence!—the loud harangue!
That look is on him still, and it shall be
To cheer us on once more to victory!

But shall we thus our pregnant theme resign,
Nor let Sage Horace more conspicuous shine?
Nay, verily, there's vastly more his due,
And some small space befitting the review.
Himself and fellow Soreheads challenge us
To scrutinize his merits and discuss:
We've been invited to it,—urged, by dint
Of their microscopy,—and take the hint!
How else shall we interpret their attack?—
Th' inquisitorial howlings of the pack?—
Than as an intimation, indirect,

*Tribune report of H. G's reception in one of the Western towns.

That we minutely must their Sage inspect?
As much as if they'd said: "We did our best
Grant's moral status thoroughly to test;
We raked up all we'd heard, or dreamed, or read;
Leveled our blackest slanders at his head;
We ransacked earth, and even went *below*,
Our party spite and brimstone to bestow!
Now, if you dare, you may reciprocate,
And see if Greeley's not immaculate!"
Since they've invoked it, then, 'tis quite in place,
Some *Recollections* of their man to trace,—
An incident or two, which, though so rife,
Are yet unwritten in that *Busy Life*.

On high Olympus,—scarce his friends allow,—
Is there so great a Power, so grand a *brow!
Yet, with each moon he changes; each new morn,
'Neath that white hat some big, round wonder's born!
If one poor Goddess leap'd from Jove's crack'd brain;
Each day this sconce endures maternal pain!
But, 'mong his thousand hobbies, none, besides
*Co-operation*, he so fiercely rides.
'Twas once, through this, the Sage's high emprise
To help mankind regain their Paradise—
To lead them through his open Wisdom-Gate,
Crowned with the glory of the first estate;
Where, 'scap'd from care and every mortal ill,
They'd range the bright Elysium at their will;
Dress, in the rosy morn, their Eden bowers,
And brush the dewdrops from the heavenly flowers;
Romp with the wood-nymphs, wanton with the breeze;
Bask in the sun, refresh them in—a sneeze!
Erect their altar, worship, in the shade,
The new Creation that—a *Greeley made!*

Dost ask where this Utopia was to be?—
If in some sunny islet of the sea;

* "The august head," one of his devotees describes it.

With beauteous hills, in bright perennial green;
Arcadian groves and lovely lakes between?
Nay! check the fervor of thy fancy! Fold
Its sweeping pinions till the truth be told!
Our great Philosopher, Reformer, Sage,
Who in this noble mission would engage,
Shouldered his knapsack, and, in pilgrim dress,
Went three days journey through the wilderness:
Till, halting in his eager exploration,
Behold him fix the bounds of his location.
Led by his raging, socialistic mania,
He settled 'mid the wilds of Pennsylvania;
Call'd round him there co-workers in the plan
To reconstruct society and man:
In Potter County, where rough mountains rise,—
Where growls the bear, and hideous wild-cat cries,—
'Mid Locofocos, rocks and rattlesnakes,—
The world's regeneration undertakes!
Here, will he build his monument, for time!—
Here, 'mong the owlets "make his life sublime!"—
Here, with the cits of his own stuff and style,
Make sterile steeps and wind-swept barrens smile!

They chopped a clearing, and their *mansions* reared:
The sawmill, smithy, and the barn appeared.
But the invesment sunk their ready "tin,"
And nothing brought, as yet, the money in.
As flew the months, the trustful pioneers
Found stones and stumps matched visionary seers.
With all their dragging, picking, pulverizing,
The grand result was meager, tantalizing:
The rusty rye, the melancholy corn,
The mornful buckwheat, and the oats forlorn,
The bashful beans, the drooping garden truck,
Showed one-horse power, but Farmer Greeley's pluck!
The wives grew dubious of the means to bake,
And children trembled for their jonny-cake:
Still did our Sage his wild, pet scheme pursue,
And vainly strive to build the world anew!

The colony, though languishing, awhile
Privations met with philosophic smile.
What with their hunting, nutting, hooking trout,
They hoped to work the "good time coming" out.

They've heard of sugar-orchards, where is made
The sweet that brings the cash: they'll drive the "trade."
Have they not all the forest trunks before them?
And shall they fail to largely gouge and bore them?
Bring on the buckets! be the work begun!--
Let kettles boil! let sap (and Sawneys) run!
But ah, as sung of man, so oft unwise,
Sore "disappointment lurks in many a prize!"
What now befell these simple sylvan swains
Were all too sad, perchance, for satire's strains,
But that the Muse may *sugar*, as she goes,
The moving scene she's prompted to disclose!
These settlers, till of late to woods unused,
For lack of ligneous lore may be excused;
We pardon want of skill, in Sage or saint,
As touching that with which he's unacquaint.
And here, a trifling episode indulge,
As "toning down" th' event we'll soon divulge.
We knew a worthy man,—aye knew him well,—
For, not a fable, but the truth we tell;—
You'll not expect us to expose his name,
Nor need we say from what famed isle he came,—
Who in his land ne'er saw "the generous maize,"
Fresh from the husk, to scorch, or boil, (and praise);
And which, when green, loads high the Yankee board;
Or, ripe, and ground, the pudding may afford.
When first this friend had landed on the coast,
Where we the dainty know to cook or roast;
And, dining, saw the tempting food up-piled,
All o'er his face and down his throat he smiled!
Smiled in his stomach! smiled where Cupid shoots!
Smiled in his limbs, his duodenum, boots!
And now impetuous, anxious, hungry, pleased,
Fast hold a lusty, full-grown ear he seized,

Then butt'ring it, and salting, with a will
He thrust it in his masticating mill;
But, all unskilled in green-corn etiquette,
Unlike the others he his portion et,
And endwise held it to his face,—as when
A suicide his pistol points,—and then
He shoots it in the cavity (not small!)
And with a gusto crunches cobb and all!
Just one more case permit us to relate,
Ere yet you learn the sugar-makers' fate:
That of a wife—a stylish Boston dame,—
For certain reasons we suppress her name,—
Whose husband had, his fortune to increase,
Imported breeds of sheep, of finest fleece.
It chanced, one day,—invited there to dine,—
Were those who figured in the cotton line.
Our gentle hostess hearing these dilate
Upon investments, and the income great,
In admiration of this ready course
To gain the diamonds, rings, and fastest horse,—
(For best of ladies will at times aspire
To better their surroundings and attire)—
Broke out in ecstasy: "My dear, O keep
To please your wife, a *few* of cotton sheep!"

Such unsophisticated folk abound,
And in the Greeley Camp were largely found;
Nor was it deadly sin for them to push
Their "Reformation," through the sugar bush;
Although their feats were nothing to applaud,
They could but show the "Innocents Abroad!"

Not all the tree trunks on the earth that grow,
In spite of what we "will," or "what we know,"
Can be subjected to the use we please,—
And Horace's were not all sugar trees!
In brief, these were, 'tis true, as rarely seen
As "angels' visits,—few and far between."

Himself and his disciples had, of course,
Wrought thoroughly,—expended all their force;
They'd laid the ax down low at every root,
Gouged, and drove spiles in, fully half a foot;
They'd wounded oak-trees thus, the chestnut bored,
Gone through the beeches, and the hemlocks gored,
Assail'd the ash, the hickory,—all, in fine,
Not sparing in their course the mountain pine!
Small show of sap alas our settlers made,
Nor much they added to the sugar trade!
Although, at first, such happiness they found,
They hoped to tap and boil, the whole year round!

'Twere all too tedious to attempt to tell
The half of what these mountaineers befell:
Though busy all as bumble-bees they toil,
No child's play is the tilling of the soil,—
Especially the Sage's chosen place
To right the world and renovate the race.
There seemed a blight upon the woodland hive;
The kine, the pigs, the poultry, would not thrive.
In course of time, with Greeley gas o'erloaded,
The socialistic prodigy exploded.

'Tis said, some years agone, when less he "knew,"
Ere stern experience taught a thing or two,—
Ere he'd decided or to farm or preach—
(For what one sphere was e'er beyond his reach?)
Thinking to make the "something turn up," faster,
He turned himself out as a Writing-Master.
He (all at once!) had such a "strange impression"
That he *by nature* suited the profession,
That, had as many de'ils opposed our wight
As Martin Luther challenged once to fight,
He had withstood them all, and, with his quill,
"Gone in," with *cuts* and *flourishes*, to kill!
Suffice it, that this new experiment,
Begun with ardor and the best intent,
Proved not to be remunerative, when

His style defied the wits of gods and men!
For,—Shade of Hogarth!—those tremendous curves
Would try the firmness of Minerva's nerves!
His autograph was like a train of cars
Breaking a bridge! His *G* like wriggling Mars,
When great Tydides, to his terrors steeled,
Drove the cowed war-god howling from the field!
He gave up Writing as an *Art*, and then
Resumed his types, and "hieroglyphic pen."
Phrenologists declare, with such a head,
A man's resources are unlimited.
His self-reliance bids him lecture, "chop,"
Intrigue, write books, *bepuff himself*, and swop,
As a live Yankee may; lay pipe, conspire,
Or do whate'er ambition may require.
If he should fail of his o'er-bold intent
To be,—as fail he must,—a President,
And some one should but praise his voice and ear,
And say (for mischief,) Music was his sphere;
He, all oblivious of the ridicule,
Might soon be roaring in a singing-school!

The Soreheads took his nomination ill—
Protested, grumbled, struggled, 'gainst the pill;
It made the Democratic Liberals wince.—
They've been apologizing ever since;
They inly groan, make faces and deplore!—
They love not Greeley, *much*! but hate Grant more,
The Sage, aware of their intense disgust,
In sound and fury mainly put his trust.
As agitation is his element,
With brass and bombast through their ranks he went;—
"Swung round," to tell, through many a dubious State,
The power and glory of HIS CANDIDATE!
The boys and girls all flocking round to see
The wonders of the great *mena*gerie!
Terrific noise attends him at the *shows!*
Loud and more loud each Liberal ram's horn blows!
The big horse fiddles and the anvils sound,

And shouts and wind-bag eloquence rebound!
With all this clap-trap with the Sorehead troop,
He manages to keep their courage up.

O if 'twere not of serious concern,
We'd like, for once, to see him take a turn!—
Were't not so hazardous, e'en for a *day!*
How comical the Presidential play!

"You've too much coin," says Greeley: "give us power,
We'll set it flowing, in a golden shower!
We'll force the * specie payment, if you'll let:
We'll make some *wise* provision for the Debt!
Good people, *let* us, for the once, go through!—
See what we Liberal, *honest* men can do!"

He never could let well enough alone,—
Would surely push some project of his own;
Sell Treasury gold, in some financial freak!
And let old Wall Street pluck us in a week!
By his own friends 'tis privately confessed,
The South would prove for him a hornet's nest.
Her well-informed, and worthiest classes can't
Condemn the generous policy of Grant;
And 'gainst his lack of "clemency," 'twere best
No Northern Sorehead ever should protest!
No mean revenge is in our hero's heart,
He's acted e'er the wise and noble part.

Ere Greeley shall to the high trust succeed,
With the disciples of his Liberal creed,
Let stubborn Andy Johnson be recalled:
Let gritty Susan be herself installed;—
Better that some strong-minded maiden reign,
Than this *male Grandma, with the softened brain!*
Or, we prefer that other candidate
Prolific Gotham furnished us, of late,—
On whom the gallant Tilton fondly gazed,
And with his pen so graphically praised.

* "The way to resume, is to *resume*," says Greeley, in his *wisdom!*

She more administrative talent shows
Than Madam Greeley, spite of what (s)"he knows!"
And boasts a *higher*, grander inspiration;
For, nightly, from her very "house-top" station,
In mist and moonshine, while the city sleeps,
With quickened ken her spirit vision sweeps;
Till, dim and distant, a Celestial Sprite
Rewards the vigils of her raptured sight!
In robe antique, and visaged like the day,
Crowned with the stars he walks the milky way;
Till, slow advancing,—near and yet more near,—
The Shade, grown vocal, charms her ravished ear!
Tells how, of old, the Grecian heart he fired,
With wisdom taught and eloquence inspired! —
That he, whom thus by spirit power she sees,
Is the true Ghost of old Demosthenes!
Whom the Blest Powers, indulgent, deign to send
To be her guide and oratorial friend
Ah, who'd not trust this *shadow of a shade*,
Through such a medium giving us his aid,
Rather than choose this leader of a faction,
To teach us "what he knows about" distraction?

Still other better candidates remain,—
We have the "ever busy, bustling" Train,
With chalk and blackboard, confident, secure,—
"Proving" his calling and election sure!

Greeley is inconsistent and perverse,—
Advising one thing, doing the reverse;
Professing hatred of the Indian Weed,—
Tobacco partner with the smoky Tweed!
Filling his *Conflict* full of Grant and glory,—
Then on the platform with another story!
Swearing, in Seventy-one, "he can't be beat"
Whom, now, he's swift and savage to defeat!
Is, all his life, denouncing office-seeking,—
Steals two conventions! does his own stump speaking!

That he's the man can anybody doubt
To bring the people from their bondage out?
Was he not *found*, raised up, inspired, to go
And stretch his rod for Pharaoh's overthrow?
Does he not *all* the heavenly gifts possess
To lead us safely through the wilderness?

In but one point, as the result shall tell,
Is Horace Greeley Moses' parallel:—
On mountain-top he'll trembling, wistful stand,
And from afar behold the Promised Land,
While Grant, our Joshua, leads his Israel o'er,
Driving the heathen Soreheads all before!

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